

# ESY? Tryamoure



4<sup>th</sup> C. 39. A. 1.  
Seld. (4)



**N**ow Iesu. Christe our Heauen King  
Graunt you all his deer blessing  
And hpe Heauen for to win  
If you wil a stound lay to your eare  
Of aduentures you shall heare  
That wil be to your liking  
Of a King and of a Queene  
That great Joy had them betwene  
Sir Aradas was his name  
He had a Queene named Margaret  
She was as true as steel and sweet  
And ful false brought in shame  
By the Kings Steward that Harrock  
A Traitor and a false Knight (hight  
Hereafter ye will say all the same  
He looued wel that Lady gent  
And for she would not with him consent  
He did that good Queene much shame  
This King looued wel his Queene  
Because he was seemly to be seen  
And as true as the Turtle on tree  
Either to other made great mone  
For Children together had they none  
Begotten on their body  
Therefore the King I vnderstand  
Made a vow to go to the holy land  
There for to fight and to slep  
And prayed God that would send him the  
Grace to get a Childe between them two  
That there right might be  
So his vow he there did make  
And of the Rope the Crosse did he take  
For to seek the land where God him bought  
The night of his departing on the lady milde



As God would he gat a Childe  
 But they bothe wist it nought  
 And on the morowe when it was day  
 The king hied on his Journey  
 For to tary he it not thought  
 Then the Queene began to mopen  
 Because her Lord would no longer sotoꝝn  
 She sighed sore and sobbed ful oft  
 The king and his men armed them right  
 Bothe Lords Barons and many a knight  
 With him for to goe  
 Then between her and the king  
 Was much sorowe and mourning  
 When they Would departe in two  
 He kissed and took his leane of the Queene  
 And of other Ladys bright and sheene  
 And of Darrock his Steward also  
 The king commanded him on payne of his  
 All for to keep wel y Queen his wife (life  
 Bothe in Mele and in Woe  
 Now is the king forth gone  
 To the place where God was on the Crosse  
 And warryth there a while (doome  
 Then bethought this false Steward  
 As ye shall heare after Ward  
 His Lord and king to beguyle  
 He wooed the Queene day and night  
 For to lye with her and he might  
 He dread no creature tho  
 Ful fayre he did to that Lady speak  
 That he might in Bed with her slepe  
 Thus ful oft he prayed her so  
 But she was stedfast in her thought  
 And heard him speak and sayd nought

Till he all his tale had tolde  
Then she sayd Harrock hast thou thought  
All that thou speaketh is for nought  
I trowe not that thou would  
Ful wel my Lord did trust thee  
When he to you deliuered me  
To haue me vnder thy holde  
And wouldest ful fain  
Doo to thy Lord shame  
Traitour thou art to bolde  
Then sayd Harrock vnto that Lady  
My Lord is gone now verely  
Againe Gods foes to fight  
And without the more wonder be  
He shall come no more at thee  
As I am a true knight  
And Madame we wil woork so priuely  
That whether he doo liue or dye  
For of this shall wit no wight  
Then waxed the Queene wonder wroth  
And swore many a great othe  
As she was a true woman  
She sayd Traitour if euer thou be so hardy  
To she we me of such a villany  
On a Gallows thou shalt hang  
If I may knowe after this  
That thou lice me to doo amisse  
Thou shalt haue the law of the Land  
Sir Harrock sayd Lady mercy  
I sayd it for no villany  
By Iesu Heauen King  
But only for to prooue your will  
Whether that ye were good or ill  
And for none other thing



But now I praye you  
That ye be true as Tuttle on the tree  
Unto my Lord the King  
And that is to me bothe glad and leef  
And therfore take it not in greif  
For no maner of thing  
And so the Traitor excused him tho  
The Lady wend it had been so  
As the Stuard had sayd  
He went forth and held him stil  
And thought he could not haue his Will  
Therfore he was euil apayd  
So with treason and trechery  
He thought to doo her villany  
Thus to him self he sayd  
Right and day laboured he than  
For to deceiue that good woman  
So at the last he her betrayed  
Now of this good Queene leave we  
And by the grace of the holy Trinity  
Ful great with Childe she did goe  
Now of King Ahas break we  
that fufarst Heathenes is he  
To fight agaynst Gods fone  
there with his Army and all his might  
Slew many a proud Saracen in fight  
Great woord of them there lose  
In the Heathen land and also in Bagamp  
And in euery other Land that they came by  
There sprang of him great lose  
When he had doon his Pilgrimage  
And laboured all that great voyage  
With al his good Will and libertie  
At flood Jordain and at Bethelam

And at Calueron before Jerusalem  
In all places was he  
Then he longed to come home  
To see his Lady that liued alone  
He thought ever on her greatly  
So long they sayled on the fume  
Til at the last he came home  
He arriued ouer the salt strand  
The Ships doo strike their sayles echone  
The men were glad that the King came hōe  
Unto his owne Land  
There was bothe mirth and game  
The Queene of his comming was ful fain  
Eche of them tolde other tiding  
The King at last his Queene beheld  
And saw her goe great with Childe  
He wondred at that thing  
Many times he did her kisse  
And made great Joy without misse  
His hart made great reioysing  
Soon after the King heard tidings new  
By Marrok that false knight & true  
With Treason he gan his Lord trayne  
My Lord he sayd for Gods bime  
Of that Childe that was neuer thine  
Why art thou so fayne  
Ye ween that it your owne be  
But Sir he sayd for certaintie  
Your Queene hath you betrayne  
An other Knight so God me speed  
Begot this Childe with you yeed  
And hath the Queene forlayne  
Alas sayd the King how may this be  
For I betook her unto thee



Her to keep in wele and wo  
And vnder thy keeping how fortun'd this  
that thou suffred her to ~~lose~~ amisse  
Alas Harrock why ~~didst~~ thou so  
Sir sayd the Steward blame not me  
For much mone she made for thee  
As though she had looued no mo  
I trowed on her no villany  
Til I sawe one lye her by  
As the mele had wrought  
To him I came with eger mood  
And slew the Traitor as he stood  
Ful sore it her forthought  
Then she trowed she should be shent  
And promised me bothe Land and rent  
So sayre she me besought  
To doo with her all my wil  
If that I would holde me stil  
And tel you nought  
Of this said the King I haue great wylde  
For sorowe my hart wil break a lander  
Why hath she doon amisse  
Alas to whom shall I me mone  
Sith I haue lost my comly Queene  
that I was wunt to kisse  
The King said Harrock what is thy rell  
It is best to burne her to dead  
My Lady that hath doon me this  
Now becaule that she is falle to me  
I wil no more her see  
Nor deale with her wile  
The Steward sayd Lord doo not so  
Thou shalt her neither burne he no  
But doo as I shall pou tel

Harrock sayd this counceyl I  
Wapnish her out of your Land pryncely  
Far from you in cold  
Deliver her an ankyll Steed  
And an olde knyght her to lead  
Thus by my counceyl look you doo  
And giue them some spending  
That may them out of the land to bring  
I would no better then so  
If an other mans Childe should be your  
It were neither good nor fayre (heire  
But if it were of your kin  
Then sayd the King so mot I thee  
Right so as thou sayst so shall it be  
And etch wil I neuer bli  
Loe now is exiled that good Queene  
But she wist not what it did mean  
Nor what made him so begin  
To speak to her he ne would  
that made the Queenes hart colde  
And that was great pittie and sinne  
He did her clothe in Purple Weed  
And set her on an olde Steed  
That was bothe crooked and almoſte  
He took to her an olde knyght (blinde  
kin to the Queene and Sir Roger hight  
That was bothe curtiſe and kinde  
Thre dayes he gaue them leaue to paſſe  
And after that day let was  
If men might them finde  
The Queene should be burned ſtark dead  
In a fire with flam s red  
This came of the Stewards minde  
Forty flozengs for their expence



The king bad gnerthen in his presence  
And commaunded them to goe  
The Lady mourned as she should doe  
For all this she wist not why  
He faced with her so  
The good knyght comforted the Queene  
And sayd at Gods will all must bech  
Therefore Madamne mearne you no more  
Sir Roger hath for her much care  
For of he mourned as she did late  
And cryed and tyghed full teare  
Lords, knyghts and Ladies gent  
Mourned for her when he went  
And he wayted her that season  
The Queene began to make to go  
When she from the king should late  
With wrong again all reason  
Foorth they went in number three  
Sir Roger, the Queene & the Greyhound  
A woe woorthy wicked treason  
Then thought he she should treuely  
to doo the Queene a villany  
And to woork with her his will  
He ordained him a company  
Of his owne men pruely  
That would assent him till  
All vnder a woods lide they did lie  
There as the Queene should passe by  
And hold them vnder till  
And there he thought to be  
This good Queene for to see  
His woe to fulfill  
And vnder that came into the wood  
Sir Roger and the Queene to good

B.

And

And there to passe without dout  
With that they were ware of the Steward  
How he was coming to them ward  
With a ful great out  
Heer is treason sayd the Queene  
Alas sayd Sir Roger what may this meen  
With foes we be set round about  
The knight sayd heer will we dwell  
Our liues shall we ful deere sel  
Be they neuer so stout  
Madame he sayd be not a ferd  
For I think with my sword  
That I shall make them lout  
Then cryed the Steward to Sir Roger on  
And said olde traitor thou shalt dye (hye  
For that I goe about  
Sir Roger sayd not for thee  
My death shalt thou deer abyde  
For with thee wil I fight  
He went to him ful shortly  
And olde Sir Roger bare him manly  
Like a ful valiant knight  
He strook vpon them boldely  
There was none of that company  
So manly nor so wight  
Sir Roger smot one on the head  
That to the gerdle the sword yed  
So was he of him quite  
He smote a stroke with his sword good  
That all about him ran the blood  
So soze he did them smite  
truely his stephound that was so good  
Did help his master and hit him stood  
ful bitterly he gan bite



Then that Lady that fayre fobe  
She feared Harrock in her mood  
She light on foot and left her steed  
And ran fast and would not leane  
And hid her vnder a green greue  
For she was in great dread  
Sir Roger gan the Queene beholde  
And of his life did nothing holde  
His good Greyhound did help him in deed  
And as it is in Romaines tolde  
Fourtene he slew of peomen bolde  
So he quited him in that steed  
If he had armed him iwis  
All the maistry had be his  
Alas he lacked weed  
As good Sir Roger gaue a stroke  
Behinde him came Sir Harrock  
That euil might he speed  
He smote Sir Roger with a speare  
That to the ground he did him beate  
And fast that knight did bleed  
Sir Harrock gaue him such a wound  
That he died there on the ground  
And that was a sinful deed  
Now is Sir Roger slaine certainly  
He rode forth and let him be  
And sought after the Queene  
Fast he rode and looked eche way  
Yet wist not where the Queene lay  
Then was that Traitor teen  
Ouer all the wood he her sought  
But as God would he found her nought  
He waxed wroth i ween  
And held his iourney euill beset

That he not with the Queene had met  
to haue had his pleasure that traitour keen  
And when he sawe not that Lady fynde  
Homward she began to wend  
Hard by where Sir Roger lay  
The Steward hant hys through bone  
For of his death he had no dout  
And thus the story dooth lay  
When the traitour had doon so  
He let him lye and went him fro  
And took no thought no day  
Yet all his company was nye gone  
Fourteen he left there dead for one  
there passed but foure a way  
Then the Queene was ful of woe  
And when she sawe that they were go  
She made sorowe and cry  
Then she rose and went againe  
to Sir Roger and found him slaine  
His Greyhound by his feet did lye  
Alas she sayd that I was boorne  
My true knight no more I towe  
They haue him heer slaine  
ful piteously she made her mone  
And sayd now my Igeralane  
The Greyhound she wold haue had full  
the greyhound by his master side  
He licked his wounds and cryde  
This to see the Queene had paine  
And sayd Sir Roger thou hast for me  
Alas that eue it wold be  
his here he sayd in maner  
And then she went away and cryed  
She no longer there abode



Least men should finde her there  
 He sayd Sir Roger now thou art dead  
 Who shall me now the right way lead  
 For now may we speak no more  
 Right on the ground there as he lay dead  
 She kissed him of she from him pde  
 God wot her hart was soze  
 What for sorowe and dzed  
 Fast away she gan her speed  
 She wist not whether ne where  
 The good Greyhound for wele ne wo  
 Would not from the knight go  
 But lay and licked his wound  
 He wend to haue healed him agayne  
 And therto he did his paine  
 Loe such looue is in a Hound  
 This knight lay til he did stink  
 The Greyhound then began to think  
 And scraped a pit anon  
 Therin he drew the dead coze  
 So he couered with earth and mosse  
 And from him he would not gone  
 The Greyhound lay stil there  
 This Queen gan footth fare  
 For dread of her fone  
 She had great sorowe in her hart  
 The thoznes pricked her wunder smart  
 She wist not whether to go  
 This Lady footth fast gan hye  
 In to the land of Hungary  
 Whither came she with great wo  
 At last she came to a Wood side  
 But then could she no farther ride  
 Her paines took her so

She lighted down in that tide  
For there she did traualle abyde  
God would it should be so  
And then with much paine  
She steered her steed by the rayn  
And rested til her paines were go  
She was deliuered of a man Childe sweet  
And when it began to cry and weep  
Her hart it ioyed greatly  
Soon after when she might neer  
She took her Childe to herful neer  
And wrapped it ful softly  
What for wery and for woe  
They fel a sleep bothe two  
Her steed stood her behinde  
There came a knight riding neer  
And found this Lady so loquely of cheere  
As he hunted after the Hinde  
The knight hight Barnard Hausewing  
That found the Queene sleeping  
Under the green Wood linde  
Softly he went neer and neer  
He lighted on foot and beheeld her cheere  
As a knight curtile and kinde  
He awaked that Lady of Beauty  
She looked on him ful piciously  
And was afraid ful sore  
He sayd what doo you heer Madame  
Of whence be ye and what is your name  
Haue you your men forloyn  
Sir she sayd if you wil wet  
I am named Margarete  
In dragon was I borne  
Heer I haue suffered much geef



Help me sir out of this mischief  
At some Toun that I were  
The knight heard the Lady good  
Him thought she was of gentle blood  
That was so hard bestad  
He took her by courteously  
And the Childe that lay her by  
Them bothe with him he lad  
And made her haue a woman at wil  
Tending to her as it was skil  
All for to bring her a bed  
What soeuer she would haue  
She needed it not long to craue  
Her speech was right soon sped  
They christened þe childe with great honor  
And named him Sir Tryamour  
Then were they of him glad  
Great gifts to him was giuen  
Of Lords and Ladies by deen  
In Books as I read  
There dwelled that Lady long  
With much Joy them among  
Of her they were neuer wery  
The Childe was taught great nurture  
A Master had him vnder cure  
And taught him curtesie  
This Childe wared wonderous wel  
Of great stature bothe flesh and fel  
Euery man looued him truely  
Of his company all folke were glad  
None oter cause in deed they had  
The Childe was gentle and bold  
Now of the Queens let me beg  
And of the Greyhound speak we

That I earst oft tolde  
Long seven yere to God me saue  
He did kepe his Maisters graue  
til time he wared olde  
This Greyhound Sir Roger had keep long  
And brought him by since he was yung  
In storyes as it is tolde  
Therefore he pept so there  
By space of seven yere  
And go from him he would  
Euer vpon his maisters graue lay  
There might no man haue him away  
For heat nor yet for colde  
Sauing only once a day  
He ran about to seek some pray  
Of Beastes and Cattel bolde  
And Connyes if he could any get  
He would so labour to get meat  
Hunger did make him bolde  
He dwelled there e seven yere  
Til it befell in one yere  
Euen on Christmas day  
The Greyhound as the story sayes  
Came to the Kings Ballare  
Without any delay  
When the Lords were set to meat soon  
The Greyhound into the Hall run  
Among the knights gay  
All about he gan beholde  
But he saw not what would  
Then went he his way ful right  
When he had sought and found not fynde  
He did ful genly his kinde  
Speed better when he might



But a Daughter of fourteen peer olde  
Fayre Helen the named is  
She was as white as Lilly floure  
And comly of her gay colloure  
The fayrest of any in Town or Tower  
She was wel shapen of foot and hand  
Peer had she none in no Land  
She was so fresh and so amorous  
For when her father was dead  
Great warre began to spred  
In that Land all about  
Then that Ladies councel gaue her read  
To get her a Lord her Land to lead  
To rule the Realme without dout  
Some mighty Prince that wel might  
Rule her Land by reason and right  
That all men to him might lout  
And when her councel had sayd so  
For great need that she had therto  
She graunted them without lye  
That Lady sayd I wil no feer  
But he be Prince or Princes peer  
And cheefe of all Chualtry  
Therto she did consent  
And gaue her Lords commaundement  
A great Justing for to cry  
And at that Justing should so be  
What man that should winne the degree  
Should win that Lady truely  
The day of Justing was set  
Half a yer without let  
Without any more delay  
Because they might haue good space  
Lords and Dukes of euery place

C.

For

For to be there that day  
Lords the best of every Land  
Heard tel of this tiding  
And made them redy ful gay  
Of every Land there was the best  
Of the states the moſte honeſt  
Attired many a Lady gay  
Great was the chivalry  
That came that time to Hungary  
to Juſt there with might  
At laſt Triamour heard tiding  
That there ſhould be a Juſting  
thither would he wend  
If he wiſt that he might gaine  
With all his might he would be faine  
that Lady gay for to win  
He had no Hoſe ne none other geer  
Nor no Weapon with him to were  
that brake his hart a twayne  
He thought bothe even and morowe  
Where he might ſome Armour borrowe  
Therof would he be faine  
to Sir Barnard he gan mone  
That he would him Armour lone  
to Juſt againſt thoſe knights of mayn  
then ſayd Barnard what haſt thou thought  
Pardy of Juſting thou canſt nought,  
For ye be not able weapon to weld  
Sir ſayd Triamour what wot ye  
Of what ſtrength that I be  
til I haue aſſayed in ſeeld  
Then Sir Barnard that was ful hend  
ſayd Triamour if thou wilt wend  
thou ſhalt lack no weed



I wil thee lend all my geer  
Horse, harneis, sheeld and speare  
thou art nothing to dread  
Also thither with thee will I ride  
And euermore be by thy side  
To help thee if thou haue need  
All thing that thou wilt haue  
Golde and siluer if ye wil craue  
thy Journey for to speed  
then was Triamoure glad and light  
And thanked Barnard with all his might  
Of his great proffering  
that day the Justing should be  
Triamoure set him on his knee  
And asked his mothers blessing  
At home she would haue kepted him faine  
But all her labour was in vaine  
There might be no letting  
she sawe it would no better be  
Her blessing she gaue him verely  
With ful soze weeping  
And when it was on the morowe day  
Triamoure was in good aray  
Armed and wel dight  
When he was set on steed  
He was a man in length and bryde  
And goodly in mans sight  
Triamoure to the feeld gan ride  
And Sir Barnard by his side  
their harts was iocund and light  
There was none in all the feeld  
that was more seemely vnder a sheeld  
He rode ful like a knight  
Then was the fayre Lady set

ful hye vpon a Turret  
For to beholde that play  
There was many a seemly Knight  
Princes Dukes and Lords of might  
Them selues for to assay  
With Helmes on their heads bright  
That all the feeld shone on that light  
They were so stout and gay  
Then Sir Triamour and Sir Bernard  
they pleased them in to the feeld ward  
there durst no man say nay  
There was bothe please and pride  
When euery man to the other gan ride  
And Lords of great renown  
It befel Triamour that tide  
For to be on his fathers side  
The King of Aragon  
The first that rode forth certainly  
Was a great Lord of Lumbardy  
A wonderful bolde Baron  
Triamour rode him again  
For all that Lord had might and main  
the Childe bare him a down  
Then cryed Sir Bernard With honoure  
A Triamour Cryamour  
For men shoulde him ken  
Mayd Helen that was so mylde  
Whoe she beheeld Triamour the Childe  
Then all the other men  
Then the Kings Sonne of Nauern  
Would not his body warne  
He pricked forth on the playne  
Then yung Triamour that was so stout  
turned him self round about



And fast rode him again  
So neither of them were to ground cast  
they sat bothe so wonder fast  
Like men of much might  
Then came there forth a Bachelor  
A Prince proud without peer  
Sir James forsooth he hight  
He was the Emperours Sonne of Almain  
He rode Sir Triamoure againe  
With hard strength to fight  
Sir James had such a blowe in deed  
that he was tumbled from his steed  
then fayled him all his might  
There men might see swoords brast  
Helme ne sheeld might last  
And thus it dured til night  
But when the Sun drew far West  
that all the Lords went to rest  
The knights attired them in good aray  
On steeds great with trappour gay  
Before the Sun gan shine  
then to the feeld they picked prest  
And euery man thought him self best  
then they fierly ran togither  
Great speares in peeces did shiuer  
their timber might not last  
And at that time there did run  
the King Aradas of Aragon  
His Sonne Triamoure met him that tide  
And fast togither gan they ride  
And gaue his father such a rebound  
that horse and man fel to the ground  
So stoutly gan he ride  
Then the next knight that he met

Was Sir James and such a stroke him set  
Of the sheeld there on the plaine  
That the blood brast out at nose and eares  
His steed vnto the ground him beares  
then was Sir Barnard fayne  
That Maid of great honoure  
Set her looue on yung Triamoure  
that fought alway as a fierce Lion  
Speares that day many was spent  
And with swoords there was many a stripe  
til they failed light of the Sun (lent  
On the morowe all they were fayne  
For to come vnto the feeld agayne  
With great speare and sheeld  
Then the Duke of Cicil Sir Filar  
that was a doughty man in euery war  
He rode first into the feeld  
And Triamoure took his speare  
Agayne the Duke he gan it beare  
And smote him in the sheeld  
A sunder in two peeces it went  
And then many a loouely Lady gent  
ful wel they him beheeld  
Then came forth a knight that hight  
He was a great Lord of Surry (Cerry  
He thought noble Triamoure to assaile  
And Triamoure rode to him blieue  
In all the strength that he might driue  
He thought he would not faile  
He smote him so in that stound  
That horse and man fel to the ground  
So sore his stroke he set  
then durst there no man to Triamoure ride  
For fortune heeld all on his side



All that dayes thre  
Sir James Sonne vnto the Emperour  
Had enuye to Sir Tryamour  
And layd wayt for him priuely  
At the last Tryamour came riding by  
Sir James sayd Traytour thou shalt dye  
For thou hast doon me shame  
He rode to Triamour with a speare  
And through the thighe he gan him beare  
He had almoste him slaine  
But Triamour hit him on the head  
that he fel down stark dead  
then was all his men wo  
then would they haue slaine Triamour  
Withouth he had had the greater succour  
they purposed to doo so  
With that came the King Aradas then  
And rescued Triamour With all his men  
that stood in great dout  
Then Sir Barnard was ful wo  
That Triamour was hurt so  
then to his owne house he him brought  
But when the Mother saw her Sonnes  
she fel down for sorowe to þ ground (woūd  
And after a leech she sent  
Of this all the Lords that was at Justing  
To the Pallace they made hying  
And to that Lady went  
Cruely as the Story sayes  
they pricked forth to the Pallace  
the Ladies will to heare  
Bachelers and knights prest  
that she might chuse of them the best  
Which to her saynest were

The Lady beheld all that fayre maynie  
But Triamoure she could not see  
then chaunged all her cheer  
then she sayd Lords where is he  
that euery day wan the degree  
I chose him to my feet  
All about they Triamoure sought  
He was ridden home they found him not  
then was that Lady wo  
The knights were before her brought  
And of respice they them besought  
A yeere and no mo  
she sayd Lords so God me saue  
He that me wan he shall me haue  
Ye wot wel that my cry was so  
They all consented her vntil  
For she had sayd nothing ill  
they sayd it should be doo  
For when they had all sayd  
thus answered that fayre mayd  
I wil none but Triamoure  
Then all the Lords that were present  
took their leaue and home went  
there wan they little honoure  
Sir James men were nothing faine  
Because their Maister was slaine  
that was so stout in stoure  
In charet his body they layd  
And led him home as I haue sayd  
Unto his father the Emperour  
And when that he his Sonne gan see  
A soyr man then was he  
And asked who hath doon that dishonour  
they sayd we wot not what he was idris



But Sir Triamoure he named is  
 So called they him in the cry  
 The King of Aragon also  
 He helped thy Sonneto flo  
 With all his company  
 They sayd they be good Warriours  
 they beat vs with many sharp shouers  
 With great bullany  
 Alas sayd the Emperour  
 til I be reuenged on that traitour  
 Now neuer shall I cease  
 They shall haue many a sharp shouer  
 Bothe the King and Triamoure  
 they shall neuer haue peace  
 the Emperour sayd they should repent  
 And after for great company he sent  
 Of Princes bolde in preala  
 Dukes, Earles and Lords of prife  
 With a great Army the Book sayes  
 they peed to Aragon without lisse  
 King Aragus was a dya  
 For the Emperour such power had  
 that Battel would him bid  
 He saw his Land nye ouergon  
 And to a Castel he fled anon  
 And bittailed it for dya  
 The Emperour was bolde and stout  
 And besieged the Castel about  
 His baner he began to spread  
 And arayed his hoste ful wel and welk  
 With weapons strong and mighty  
 He thought to make them dya  
 He gaue assault to the holde  
 King Aragus was stout and bolde

D.

Ordained

Ordained him ful wel  
With Gunnes and great stones round  
Were throwen down to the ground  
And on the men were cast  
They brake many backs and bones  
thus they fought eery day once  
While seven weeks did last  
The Emperour was hurt il therfore  
His men were hurtfore  
All his ioy was past  
King Aragus thought ful long  
that he was beleeged so strong  
With so much might and mayne  
two Lords forth on message he sent  
And strait to the Emperour they went  
So when they could him see  
Of peace they gan him pray  
And take truce til a certaine day  
they kneeled down on their knee  
And sayd our king sendeth woord to thee  
that he neuer your Sonne did slep  
So he would quite him sayne  
He was not then present  
Nor in no wise did consent  
that your Sonne was slayne  
That wil he prooue if ye wil so  
Your self and he between you two  
If ye wil it sayn  
Or els take your self a knight  
And he wil deo an other to fight  
On a certaine day  
If that your knight hap so  
Our for to discomit or no  
As by fortune it may



Our King wil doe him in your host  
 And be at your bidding lond and stil  
 without more delay  
 And also if it betide  
 that your knight on our side  
 Be slaine by mischaunce  
 My Lord shall make your warre cease  
 without any distaunce  
 The Emperour sayd without fayle  
 Set a day of Battail  
 By assent of the King of fraunce  
 For he had a great company  
 In every Realme he wan the renown  
 So the Emperour ceased the distaunce  
 When peace was made and truce tane  
 the King of Aragon was a Joyful man  
 And trusted vnto Erismoure  
 So after him he sent without fayle  
 For to doo the great Battail  
 to his help and succour  
 His Messengers were come and gone  
 tidings of him heard they none  
 the King Aragus thought him long  
 And he be dead he sayd I may say alas  
 Who shall then fight with Marradas  
 that is so stout and strong  
 When Erismoure was whole & found  
 And wel healed of his wound  
 He busked him for to fare  
 He sayd Mother with milde cheet  
 And I wist what my father were  
 the lesse were my care  
 Sonne he sayd thou shalt wet

D.ii.

when

When ~~the~~ ~~man~~ ~~marryed~~ ~~that~~ ~~Lady~~ ~~loved~~  
thy father thou shalt ken  
Mother he sayd if he wil  
Haue good day for now I go  
to doo maistries if I can  
Then rode he ouer Dale and doon  
til he came to Aragon  
Ouer many a wery way  
Aduentures many did him beset  
And all he scaped ful wel  
In all his great Journey  
He sawe many a wilde beast  
Bothe in Heath and in wilde forest  
He had good Greyhounds thre  
to a Hart he let them ren  
And that xiiii. folloers espied him soon  
So thretning him greatly  
they yeed to him with weapons on euery  
It was no boot to bid them bide (side  
Triamoure was loth to flee  
He sayd to them Lords I you pray  
Let me in peace wend my way  
to seek my Greyhounds thre  
then sayd Triamoure as in this time  
Of Golde and Silver take all mine  
If that I haue trespassed ought  
they sayd we wil meet with thee anon  
there shall no Golde be so we thee lone  
But in Prison thou shalt be brought  
Such is the law of the ground  
Who soeuer therein be found  
Other way go they nought  
then Sir Triamoure was full woe  
that he should to Prison go



He thought the flesh to deer bought  
 there was no more to say  
 the fosters at him gan lay  
 With strokes stern and stout  
 there Triamour with them fought  
 And to the ground some he brought  
 He made them lowe to lout  
 Some of them fast gan pray  
 the other fled fast away  
 With wounds wide that they sought  
 Triamour rode and sought his greihounds  
 He harkned to heare their yerning sound  
 And thought not for to leaue them so  
 At last he came to a water side  
 there he saw the Beast abide  
 that had slaine two of his Greyhounds  
 the third ful soze troubled the Hinde  
 And he hurt him with his tinde  
 then was Triamour wo  
 If the Battel had lasted a while  
 the Hart would the Hound begile  
 And take his life for euermore  
 Triamour smote at the Deer  
 that to the hart went the speare  
 then his Horne he blew ful soze  
 the King lay there beside  
 At a Manour that same tide  
 He heard a Horne blowe  
 they had great wonder in Hall  
 Boche Squiers and Knights all  
 For no man could it knowe  
 With that came in a foster  
 Into the Hall with hail cheer  
 He was ful soze I trowe

The king of tidings gan him fayne  
He sayd Sir king your keepers be slayne  
And I be dead on a rowe  
There came a knight that was mighty  
He let three Greyhounds run ful wightly  
And layd my fellows ful lowe  
He sayd it was ful true  
that the same knight the hounde blede  
that all this sorow he hath wrought  
Good King Aradas sayd than  
I haue a great need of such a man  
God hath him hither brought  
The king commaunded knights three  
He sayd go fetch that Gentleman to me  
that is now at his play  
Look none ill words to him ye break  
But pray him with me for to speak  
I trowe he wil not say nay  
Euery knight his steed hent  
And lightly to the wood they went  
to seek Triamour that Childe  
They found him by a water side  
Where he brake the best that side  
that Hart that was so wilde  
They sayd Sir God be at your game  
He answered them even the same  
then was he afraid of gile  
Sir knight they sayd is it your will  
to come and speak our king until  
With words meek and milde  
Triamour asked them shortly  
What hight your king tel you me  
that is Lord of this Land  
His Land hight Aragon



And Aradas our King With Crowne  
His place is neer at hand  
Triamoure went vnto the King,  
And he was glad of his comming  
He knew him at the first sight  
The King took him by the hand  
And sayd welcome to this Land  
And asked What he hight  
Sir my name is Triamoure  
Once ye helped me in a stoure  
As a noble man of might  
And now I am heer in your Land  
So was I neuer earst I vnderstand  
By God ful of might  
When the King wist that it was he  
His hart reioysed greatly  
thre times he did down fall  
And sayd Triamoure Welcome to me  
Great care and sorowe I haue for thee  
And he tolde him all  
With the Emperour he took a day  
Defend me if that I may  
to Iesu will I call  
For I neuer his Sonne knew  
God it knoweth I say but true  
And help me I trust he shall  
Then sayd Triamoure tho  
that ye for me haue be greued so  
If I might it amend  
And at the day of battel  
I trust to prooue my might wel  
If God Will grace me send  
Then was King Aradas very glad  
and of Marradas was nothing a drad

When he to the Battel should wend  
He Joyed that he should wel speed  
For Triamour was ware at need  
Against his enemy to defend  
there Triamour dwelled with the King  
Many a week without letting  
He lacked right nought  
And when the day of Battel was come  
The mperour with his men hasted soon  
And many wonder thought  
He brought thither bothe king and knight  
And Maradas that was of might  
to battel him he brought  
there was many a seemly man  
So then I tel you can  
And of them all he ne rought  
Bothe partes that ylk day  
In to the feeld took the way  
they were all redy right  
The king kissed Triamour  
And sayd I make thee my heire this stoure  
And dub thee a knight  
Sir sayd Triamour take no dread  
I trust that Jesu wil me speed  
For you be in the right  
Therefore through Gods grace  
I wil fight for you in this place  
With the help of our Lords might  
Bothe parties were ful fore  
to holde the promise was made before  
to Jesu gan they call  
Sir Triamour and Maradas  
Wel armed they bothe was  
Among the Lords all



Eche of them were set on feed  
All men of Triamoure had dread  
that was so hinde in all  
Marradas was stiffe and sure  
there might no man his strokes indure  
But that he made them fall  
Then rode together ful right  
With sharp speares and swoords bright  
they smote together soze  
They spend speares and brake sheelds  
they pouled foule in the feelds  
Either fomed as dooth a boze  
All they wundred that beheeld  
How they fought in the feeld  
there was but a lite  
Marradas fared far wood  
Because Triamoure so long stood  
Soze gan he smite  
Sir Triamoure fayled of Marradas  
that stroke light vpon his horse  
the swoord to ground gan light  
Marradas sayd it is great shame  
On a feed to wreke his game  
thou shouldest rather to smite me  
Triamoure swoze by Gods might  
I had leuer it had on thee light  
then would I not be soze  
But heer I giue thee feed mine  
because that I haue slayne thine  
By my wil it shall be so  
Marradas sayd I wil nought  
til I haue him with strokes bought  
And wan him heer in fight  
Sir Triamoure lighted from his horse  
C. And

And to Marradas strait he goes  
For bothe on foot they did light  
Sir Triamoure spared him nought  
And euer in his hart he thought  
this day was I made a knight  
And thought him self would be slaine soone  
Or els of him I will my thone  
through Gods might  
They layd eche at other with good wil  
With sharp swordes that was made of steel  
that saw many a wight  
Great wonder it was to beholde  
the strokes that was betwixt them so bolde  
All men might it see  
they were wery and had so greatly bled  
Marradas was soze a dyed  
He faynted then greatly  
And that Triamoure lightly beheeld  
And fought fierly in the feeld  
He strook Marradas so soze  
That the sword through the body ran  
then was the Emperour a soze man  
he made them peace for euermore  
He kissed the king and was his freend  
And took his leaue homeward to wend  
No lenger there dwel would he  
Then the king Arradas and Triamoure  
Went to the Pallace with great honour  
In to that rich City  
There was Joy without care  
And all they great welfare  
there might no better be  
they hunted and rode many a where  
ful great pleasure they had there



Among the knights of prife  
The king proffered him ful fayre  
And sayd Triamoure I make thee my heire  
For thou art strong and wise  
Sir Triamoure sayd Sir truely  
In to an other Countrey go wil I  
I desire of you bnt a steed  
Unto other Lands wil I go  
Some great adventures for to doo  
thus wil I my life lead  
The king was very sorpy tho  
When that he would from him go  
He gaue him a sure weed  
Also plenty of siluer and Golde  
And a steed as he would  
that nothing would feare  
He took his leaue of the king  
And mourned at his departing  
then halted he him there  
the king said Triamoure that is mine  
When thou list it shall be thine  
And my kingdome lesse and moze  
Now is Triamoure forth go  
Lords and Ldays for him were wo  
Euery man looued him there  
Triamoure rode in haste truely  
In to the Land of Hungary  
Adventures for to seek  
Between two mountaines the sooth to say  
He rode forth on his way  
with a Palmer he did meet  
He asked almes for Gods sake  
And Triamoure him not forgat  
He gaue him with woords sweet

The Palmer sayd turn ye agayne  
Or els I feare ye shall be slaine  
Ye may not passe but ye be beat  
Triamoure asked why so  
Sir he sayd there Brethern two  
That on the mountain dwelles  
In faith said Triamoure if there be no mo  
I trust in God that way to go  
If this be true that thou telles  
He bad the Palmer good day  
And rode forth on his way  
Ouer Heath and teelos  
The Palmer prayed to him ful fast  
Triamoure was not agast  
He blew his Horn ful shrill  
He had not ridden but a while  
Not the mountnaunce of a mile  
Two knights he saw on Hil  
The one of them to him gan ride  
the other stil gan bide  
A little there beside  
And when they Triamoure spy  
they sayd Traitor turn or thou shalt dye  
therfore stand and abyde  
Either again other gan ride fast  
their strokes made their speares to brast  
And made them wounds full wide  
the other knight that hooded tho  
Wundred that Triamoure dured so  
He rode to them that tide  
And departed them a twaine  
to speak fayre he began to frayne  
With woordes that sounded wel  
to Triamoure they sayd anone



So douty a knight knowe I none  
 thy name that thou vs tel  
 Triamoure sayd first wil I weet  
 Why that you doo keep this street  
 And where that you doo dwell  
 they sayd we had a brother hight Barradas  
 With the Emperour forsooth he was  
 A strong man wel I knowe  
 In Aragon before the Emperour  
 A knight men called him Sir Triamoure  
 In Battel there him slew  
 And also we say an other  
 Burlong our elder Brother  
 As a man of much might  
 He hath beleeved soothly  
 The kings Daughter of Hungary  
 to wed her he hath hight  
 And so wel he hath sped  
 that he shall that Lady wed  
 But she may finde a knight  
 that Burlong overcome may  
 to that they haue take a day  
 Wage battel and fight  
 For that same Triamoure  
 Loued that Lady paramoure  
 As it is before tolde  
 If he wil to Hungary  
 Needs he must come vs by  
 to meet with him we would  
 Triamoure sayd I say not nay  
 But my name I will tel this day  
 In faith I will not fayne  
 Think your Journey well beset  
 For with Triamoure ye haue met

that your brother hath slaine  
Welcome they sayd Triamoure  
His death thou shalt repent soze  
thy soze we shall begin  
Peeld thee to vs anon  
For thou shalt not from vs gon  
by no maner of gin  
They smot fierly at him tho  
And Triamoure against them two  
Without more delay  
Sir Triamoure prooued him ful prest  
And brake the speare on their brest  
He had such assay  
His sheeld was broken in peeces thre  
His horse was smitten on his knee  
So hard at him they thurst  
Sir Triamoure then was right wood  
And slew the one there as he stood  
With his sword ful prest  
that other rode his way  
His hart was in great afay  
Yet he turned agayne that tide  
When Triamoure had slayne his brother  
A soze man was the other  
And strapt agayne to him did ride  
Then they two soze fought  
that the other to the ground was brought  
then were they bothe slaine  
tho the Lady on Triamoure thought  
For of him she knew right nought  
she wist not what to say  
The day was come that was set  
the Lords assembled without let  
All in good aray



Burlong was redy dight  
 He bad the Lady send her Knight  
 He answered I ne may  
 For in that Castel he had hight  
 to keep her with all her might  
 As the Story dooth say  
 He sayd if Triamoure be alse  
 Nether wil he come bliue  
 God send vs grace to speed  
 With that came in Sir Triamoure  
 In the thickest of the flour  
 In to the feeld without dread  
 He asked what all that did mene  
 People shewed that a battel there shold be  
 For the looue of that Lady  
 He saw Burlong on his need  
 And strayt to him then he yeed  
 that Lady chalengeth he  
 Burlong asked him if he would fight  
 Triamoure sayd with all my might  
 to slei ther or thou me  
 Anon they made them redy  
 there knew him none likerly  
 they woundred what he shold be  
 Hye in a Tower stood that Lady  
 He knew not that Knight verely  
 that with Burlong did fight  
 Fast he asked of her men  
 If they could that Knight ken  
 that to battel was dight  
 A Griffon he beareth all of blew  
 An Herald of Armes soon him knew  
 And sayd anon right  
 Madame God hath sent you succour

For yonder is Triamour  
that with Burlong will fight  
To Jesu gan the Lady pray  
For to speed him on his Journey  
that he about yeed  
Then these knights ran together  
the speares in peeces gan shiner  
they fought ful soze in deed  
There was no man in the feeld tho  
that wist who should haue the better of the  
So mightily they did them beare (two  
The battel lasted wonder long  
though Burlong was neuer so strong  
there found he his peer  
Triamour a stroke to him mint  
His sword fel down at that dint  
Out of his hand him fro  
Then was Burlong wonder glad  
And the Lady was very sad  
And many were ful wo  
Triamour asked his word agayne  
But Burlong gan him frayne  
to knowe first his name  
And sayd tel me first what thou hight  
And why thou chalengest this Lady bight  
then halt thou haue thy sword again  
Triamour sayd so not I thee  
My name wil I tel truely  
therof I wil not dout  
Men call me Sir Triamour  
I wan this Lady in a stoure  
Among Barons stout  
Then sayd Burlong thou it was  
that slew my brother Marradas



A fayre hap thee befel  
 Sir Triamour sayd to him tho  
 So haue I doon thy brethren two  
 that on the mountayne did dwel  
 Burlong sayd woe may thou be  
 For thou hast slaine my bretheren thre  
 Sozowe hast thou fought  
 Thy swoord gettest thou neuer againe  
 til I be venged and thou slaine  
 Now am I wel bethought  
 Sir Triamour sayd no force tho  
 thou shalt repent it or thou go  
 Doo forth I dread thee nought  
 Burlong to limite was redy bowen  
 His feet slipped and he fel down  
 And Triamour right wel wrought  
 His swoord lightly he vp hent  
 And to Burlong fast he went  
 For nothing would he flee  
 And as he would haue risen agayn  
 He smote his legs even a twayne  
 Hard fast by the knee  
 Triamour bad him stand vp right  
 And all men may see now in fight  
 We been meet of assaies  
 Sir Triamour suffred him  
 to take an other weapon  
 As a knight of much prise  
 Burlong on his stumps stood  
 As a man that was nye wood  
 And fought wonder fast  
 And Sir Triamour strake strokes sure  
 For he could wel indure  
 Of him he was not a ferd

f.

And

And vnder his bentayle  
His head he smote of without fayle  
With that in peeces his swoord brast  
Now is Burlong slayne  
And Triamoure with maine  
Into the Castel went  
To that Lady that was ful bright  
And at the gate she met the knight  
And in her armes she him hent  
She sayd Welcome Sir Triamoure  
Ye haue bought my looue ful deer  
My hart is on you lent  
Thy sayd all the Barons bolde  
Of him we wil our lauds holde  
And therto they did assent  
There is no more to say  
But they haue taken a certaine day  
That they bothe shall be wed  
Sir Triamoure for his Mother sent  
A messenger for her went  
And in to the Castel her led  
Triamoure to his Mother gan sayn  
My father would I knowe faine  
Sich I haue so wel sped  
She sayd King Aradas of Dragon  
He is thy father and thou his Sonne  
I was his wedded Queene  
A leuing was bozne me on hand  
And falsly flent me out of his land  
By a Traitor keen  
Sir Marrock he hight that did me wo  
And my knyght Sir Roger he did do  
That my guider shoulde haue been  
And when that Triamoure all heard



The Greyhound ran forth his way  
 til he came where his maister lay  
 As fast as euer he mought  
 The King meruailed on that deed  
 From whence he came and whether he peed  
 Or who him thither brought  
 The King thought he had seen him ere  
 But he wist not wel where  
 therfore he said right naught  
 Soon he bethought him then  
 that he him erst ken  
 And sat stil in a thought  
 The other day in the same wise  
 When the King from his meat should rise  
 the Greyhound came in tho  
 All about there he sought  
 But the Steward found he nought  
 then agayne he began to go  
 Then sayd the King in that stound  
 We think that is Sir Rogers Hound  
 that went forth with the Queene  
 I trowe they be come agayn to this Land  
 Lords all this I vnderstand  
 It may right wel so be  
 If that they be into this Land come  
 We shall haue word thereof soon  
 And within short space  
 For neuer since they went I wis  
 I saw not the Greyhound or this  
 It is a meruailous case  
 When he cometh again folowe him  
 For euermore he wil run  
 to his maisters dwelling place  
 Run and go look ye out spere

Til that ye come there  
to Sir Roger and my Queene  
Then the third day among them all  
the Greyhound came in to the Hall  
to meat as they were set  
Marrock the Steward was within  
the Greyhound thought he would not bin  
til he with him had met  
He took the Steward by the throte  
And a sunder he it bore  
But then he would not abide  
For to his graue he ran  
There folowed him many a man  
Some on Horse and some beside  
And when he came where his maister was  
He layd him down vpon the grasse  
And barked at the men agayne  
there might no man him from the place get  
And yet with staves they did him beat  
that he was almoste slayne  
And when the men saw no better boot  
then yerd they home on Horse and foot  
With great wonder I ween  
The King sayd by Gods payn  
I trowe Marrock hath Sir Roger slayn  
And with treason flensed my Queene  
Go ye and seek there agayne  
For there the hounds Maister is slayn  
Some treason there hath been  
Thither they went so God me saue  
And found Sir Roger in his graue  
For that was soon esee  
And there they dobed him vpon  
For he was whole bothe fleshy and bone



And to the Court his body they brought  
 For when the King did him see  
 the teares ran down from his eye  
 Ful soze it him forthought  
 the Greyhound would not from the corse  
 then was the King cast in care  
 And sayd Harrock hath doon me teen  
 Slaine he hath that curtille knight  
 And flemed my Queene with great bright  
 As a Trauoure keen  
 The King let drawe anon right  
 the Stewards body that false knight  
 With a Horse throze the Town  
 And hanged him on a tree  
 that all men might his body see  
 How he had doon treason  
 Sit Rogers body the next day  
 the King let bury in good clay  
 With many a bolde Baron  
 The Greyhound would neuer away  
 By night nor yet by day  
 But on the ground he did dye  
 The King did send his Messenger  
 In euery place far and neer  
 After the Queene to spy  
 But of all he could enquire  
 He could of that Lady nothing heare  
 therfore the King was loze  
 The King sayd I knowe no read  
 For wel I wot my Queene is dead  
 For sozowe now shall I dye  
 Alas that euer she from me went  
 This false Steward hath me hent  
 through his false trechery

**T**his King liued in great sorowe  
Euery day bothe euen and morowe  
til that he were brought to ground  
He liued thus many a peer  
With mourning and with euil cheer  
His sorowes lasted long  
And euer it did him great payne  
When he thought how Sir Roger was  
And how helped him his Hound (Gaius)  
And of his Queene that was so mylde  
How she went from him great with childe  
For woe then did he sound  
Long time thus liued the King  
In great sorowe and mourning  
And often times did weep  
He took great thought more and more  
It made his hart very sore  
His sighes were set so deep  
Now of the King wil we bin  
And of the Queene let vs begin  
And her Sonne Triamour  
For when he was fourteen yeer olds  
there was no man so bolde  
that durst doo him dishonour  
In euery lim bothe soft and strong  
Of stature he was bothe large and long  
And comely of hys collour  
All that euer he dwelled among  
He did neuer none of them wrong  
that was the more his honour  
In that time likerly  
Died the King of Hungary  
that was of great age wis  
He had no heire his Land to holde



And how his Mother to him sayd  
Letters he made and wrought  
He prayd King Aradas to come him til  
If that it were his wil  
thus he him besought  
If he wil come to Hungary  
For his manhood and mastery  
And that he would faile him nought  
King Aradas was very glad  
The messengers great gifts had  
For tidings that they brought  
The day was come that was set  
Lords did come without let  
Shortly forth they bet set  
With two Dukes on every side  
To Church the Lady was led  
A Bishop did them wed  
In great haste and speed  
Soou after that wedding  
Sir Eriamour was crowned King  
They would no longer abide  
The Queene his mother Margarete  
Before the king she did sit  
In a goodly Chaire  
King Aradas lookt on his Queene  
His minde gan he had bet teen  
He was a Lady fayre  
The king sayd is it your will  
For to tel me what is your name  
I pray you with words fayre  
My Lord she sayd I was your Queene  
Your Steward did me mickel teen

that euil might him befall  
The King spake no more words  
til the clothes were drawn from the boords  
And men rose in the Hall  
And by the hand he took the Queene gent  
So in the Chamber forth he went  
And there he tolde him all  
Then was there great Joy and blisse  
When they together gan kisse  
Then all the company had Joy enow  
the yung Queene was fyglad  
that she a Kings Sonne to her Lord had  
she was glad I trowe  
In Joy togither they lead their life  
All their dayes without strife  
And liued many a fayne peere  
Then King Aradas and his Queene  
Had Joy enough them betwene  
And merily liued togither  
and thus we leave of Triamour  
That liued long in greathonour  
With the fayne Helen  
I pray God giue their soules good rest  
and all that haue heard this little Jest  
Hye Heauen for to win  
God graunt vs all to haue the grace  
Him for to see in the celestiall place  
I pray you all to say. Amen.

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